



*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*  
383 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK - ELDORADO 5-5800  
*Advertising*

"AS BROADCAST"

PROGRAM #3  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY TELEVISION PROGRAM

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 25, 195<sup>3</sup>

CBS

4:30-5:30 PM PST

BOSTON • BUFFALO • CHICAGO • CLEVELAND • DETROIT • HOLLYWOOD • LOS ANGELES • MINNEAPOLIS • NEW YORK • PITTSBURGH • SAN FRANCISCO • SYRACUSE  
RA-937

ATX01 0082705

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE

- OPEN -A-

THE JACK BENNY TV SHOW  
OCTOBER 4, 1953

OPENING COMMERCIAL (LIVE)

(MUSIC: LUCKY STRIKE THEME  
UP AND UNDER ----)

CUT TO TITLE CARD:

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

ANNOUNCER

From Television City in  
Hollywood we bring you The  
Jack Benny Show ~~with his~~  
special guest Humphrey Bogart.

CUT TO TITLE CARD:

"PRESENTED BY LUCKY STRIKE"

presented by Lucky Strike!

CUT TO TITLE CARD:

"BE HAPPY -- GO LUCKY,  
LUCKIES TASTE BETTER"

(MUSIC: VAMP AND BE HAPPY --  
GO LUCKY -- SHORT VERSION

CUT TO LITTLE #53-

ATX01 0082706

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE  
FILM COMMERCIAL  
LOU LITTLE TESTIMONIAL  
#53 (ALTERNATE)

OPEN -B-

VIDEO

OPEN ON BEAUTIFUL, LARGE  
FOOTBALL TROPHY ON A  
MANTEL ABOVE A FIREPLACE  
IN A PINE paneled DEN.  
BESIDE THE TROPHY ARE  
SEVERAL SMALLER  
TROPHIES, SOME FRAMED  
PICTURES, ETC.

PULL BACK TO MEDIUM SHOT  
OF LITTLE IN A  
COMFORTABLE ARM CHAIR. HE  
IS SMOKING A LUCKY.

HE PUTS LUCKY IN ASHTRAY.

HE GETS UP FROM CHAIR AND  
TAKES DOWN A FOOTBALL FROM  
THE MANTEL.

AUDIO

THORGERSON (VOICE OVER)

Ladies and gentlemen, one of  
America's greatest football  
coaches ... Lou Little!

LOU LITTLE (ON CAMERA)

You know, a football coach, after  
a long session on the field, finds  
relaxation in a cigarette, just as  
I imagine other people do. I've  
smoked one brand for years.  
Someone asks me why (SHRUG) ...  
well, I just like 'em - Luckies  
that is. Mrs. Little smoked her  
own brand of cigarettes. They  
aren't bad but they just don't have  
much taste ... at least, in my  
opinion. When you get right down  
to it it's all a matter of taste.  
Like the brand of football a man  
enjoys watching.

The football I like is the football  
of keen strategy, the varied offense  
the attack which strikes quickly,  
without warning, at any point in the  
defense.

(MORE)

ATX01 0082707

VIDEO

-2-

AUDIO

OPEN -C-

LOU LITTLE (CONT'D)

Yessir, the kind of offense that makes American football one of the most thrilling sports.

HE SITS DOWN AGAIN AND PUTS THE FOOTBALL ON THE FLOOR. HE THEN PICKS UP THE LUCKY AGAIN.

THORGERSEN (VOICE OVER)

But I was talking about Luckies. As I said, that's a matter of taste and at least to me, Luckies taste better.

CUT TO MEDIUM SHOT OF THORGERSEN AGAINST NEUTRAL BACKGROUND.

ED THORGERSEN (ON CAMER

We hope that like Lou Little, you'r a Lucky smoker. If not, we're confident you will be once you've tried Luckies. You see, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is ---- Luckies taste better -- cleaner, fresher, smoother. There are two reasons:

CUT TO STOCK FOOTAGE OF TOBACCO FIELDS, WITH PICKERS.

First, IS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Then ...

CUT TO STOCK FOOTAGE OF CIGARETTE MAKING MACHINE.

Luckies are actually made better.

CUT TO ORIGINAL SHOT OF THORGERSEN. HE HOLDS UP A CARTON OF LUCKIES.

So -- Be Happy -- Go Lucky! See for yourself that Luckies taste better.

ATX01 0082708

JACK BENNY TELEVISION PROGRAM NO. 3

October 25, 1953

AFTER OPENING COMMERCIAL, JACK COMES OUT TO LOVE IN BLOOM AND  
APPLAUSE)

JACK

Thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen, and  
welcome to the Lucky Strike Program...You know, I---

(STARTS TO LAUGH)

You'll have to excuse me for laughing, but I just  
spent the most wonderful half-hour I've ever spent  
in my life. I was listening to my own radio show...  
and, I don't know ...I was so comical...I said so  
many funny things...Now, I know what you're thinking,  
but I believe I really believe a man should be  
honest with himself. If there's anything I hate,  
it's a comedian who is great and won't admit it.  
I've never met one like that, but if I did, I'd  
hate him....And one thing about me...I'm honest...  
You can ask Mary. If any other comedian has a bad  
show, I'm the first one to admit it.

(LAUGHS COYLY)

I have faults. I'm not perfect or anything. I know  
that I'm too easy going, and I'm not overly ambitious  
---but, after all, I don't want to be the richest man  
in the world... America is big enough for me...well,  
so much for myself...you know, ladies and gentlemen,  
three weeks ago I announced that Mary was going to be on  
tonight's show, but we had to postpone it...There was  
some sort of a mix-up...when the producer called Mary  
about being on the show, I told her how much money to  
ask for.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

You see, I forgot I was paying for it ... So instead of Mary, tonight our guest star will be Humphrey Bogart. And I got him fairly reasonably. You've seen him on the screen and you know how tough he is ... He knows nothing about business ... Anyway, this show that I'm going to do --

(BOB CROSBY WALKS IN)

BOB

Oh, Jack...Jack.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK

What is it, Bob?

BOB

I want to talk to you a minute.

JACK

All right, what is it?

BOB

I just heard that you had a talk with the producer and there's a possibility of my song being out of the show.

JACK

Well, you see, Bob ... the show is very long and it finally came down to whether we should cut out your song or my jokes...and we decided to do what was best for the show.

BOB

Oh, then my song is in.

JACK

No no, Bob. We decided that the jokes would be more important.

BOB

Your joke's more important than my song?

JACK

Yes. My jokes stay in and your song goes out.

BOB

Why, that's like keeping the smog and throwing away Los Angeles.

JACK

Well...keep the smog and throw away Los Angeles.

BOB

Pretty clever, eh, Jack? It's in this script of my next T.V. show...You know I'm on five times a week.

JACK

I thought you were tired....(TAKES BOB'S SCRIPT) Now look, Bob ... you're not going to sing a song and that settles it -- This is my show and I'm running it - whether it's good, bad, or indifferent.

BOB

That's what the critics said about your last show.

JACK

What?

BOB

"Bob was good, Jack was bad, and the audience was indifferent."

JACK

Bob---

BOB

So long, Jack.

(BOB STALKS OFF)

JACK

(TO HIMSELF)

Why do I always have trouble with that guy? ... He's only been with me a short time, you know. The only reason I hired him was I thought he'd introduce me to his brother, Bing... Then I found out that he didn't even know him....Oh well..

(TO AUDIENCE)

Now as I was saying, ladies and gentlemen...the reason I'm doing this scene with Humphrey Bogart is because ...well, you see, I got a phone call from my sponsor and he told me that even though he liked my T.V. shows, he felt that we weren't hitting our integrated commercial quite hard enough --- He means the commercial in the middle of the show.... Now as far as my sponsor is concerned, I realize that he pays the bills and has the privilege of making suggestions... On the other hand, I don't have to take these suggestions. I have the privilege of quitting ... But, I don't like to abuse the privilege, so in our play tonight, don't be surprised if we pay particular attention to our commercial.

(DON WALKS ON MAD)



JACK

Now this play that we're going to do--

DON

(STORMING)

Oh, Jack!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK

Hello, Don. What is it?

DON

(IRATELY)

What's this I hear about you writing me out of the commercial on this show?

JACK

Wait a minute. Am I gonna have trouble with you, too?

DON

You very well may.

JACK

I very well may?..Don, the reason you're not doing the commercial is because I have another important way of doing it...That's why.

DON

What are you talking about? What can be more important than the way I do it?

JACK

This week you don't fit into it, Let me tell you something, Don..hurting the script for the sake of your commercial is like..is like...is like...is like...

(JACK READS FROM SCRIPT IN HIS HAND)

is like keeping the smog and throwing away Los Angeles...

JACK

...And now, ladies and gentlemen---

DON

(ANGRILY)

But Jack, don't you know what that commercial means to me? After all, I'm not a funny man, I don't tell jokes, I'm not an actor, I'm not a singer; I don't lead a band. What are you paying me for?

JACK

Don, you're hanging yourself...We'll talk about it later.

DON

(MAKES FRUSTRATED GESTURE OF BIG BABY)

Oh, darn it!

(DON EXITS ANGRILY)

JACK

(TO AUDIENCE)

Now there's a fellow who has been with me 20 years. I can't understand why I have so much trouble with the people who work for me...always complaining... always unhappy...Maybe if I gave them more money, they'd --- Nah! Better they should be unhappy than me...

And now, ladies and gentlemen, we are going to present a dramatic play starring Humphrey Bogart... called "Baby Face" ... on with the show...

(SKETCH)

-7-

(OPEN ON STILL SHOT OF EXTERIOR NEW YORK POLICE STATION)

(MUSIC: DRAMATIC THEME...CONTINUE UNDER--)

JACK'S VOICE (RECORDED)

(OVERLY DRAMATIC)

This is the 24th Precinct Police Station, situated in the heart of New York's theatrical district.

(DISSOLVE TO INTERIOR SQUAD ROOM. THE ENTRANCE DOOR IS CENTER. STAGE AND THE ROOM CONTAINS A COUPLE OF DESKS, EACH WITH A COMPLEMENT OF CHAIRS, TYPEWRITERS, AND TELEPHONES. STAGE LEFT IS A LARGE WINDOW FACING ON NEW YORK SKYLINE. ALONG ONE WALL IS A ROW OF FILING CABINETS AND A COUPLE OF TABLES, ONE WITH A SMALL RADIO ON IT. THERE IS A HALL TREE NEAR THE DOOR WITH A COUPLE OF COATS AND JACKETS HANGING ON IT, AND ALSO NEARBY IS A WATER COOLER. DETECTIVE BOB CROSBY, IN SHIRTSLEEVES, GUN IN SHOULDER HOLSTER, IS SEATED AT ONE OF THE DESKS PECKING OUT A REPORT ON THE TYPEWRITER. DETECTIVE DON WILSON, IN SIMILAR ATTIRE, IS GOING THROUGH A DRAWER AT A NEARBY FILING CABINET.

JACK'S VOICE (RECORDED)

This is the detective squad room. Here crime, with its quick, easy promise is shorn of its flimsy veneer and revealed in its sordid, squalid, reality. To this room come people from all walks of life, the flotsame and the jetsam...also the hoi...and the polloi.

(CLOSE SHOT OF CROSBY WORKING ON TYPEWRITER.)

JACK'S VOICE (RECORDED)

The man you see at the typewriter is Detective Sergeant Crosby. The man looking through the files, standing behind Crosby to his left, which would be to your right on the screen, or to your left and his right -- well, anyway, he's Detective Wilson, and he's to everybody's right and left, you can't miss him.

(MUSIC OUT)

ATX01 0082715

(THE DOOR OPENS AND TWO MEN ENTER, HANDCUFFED TO EACH OTHER. ONE IS NICE-LOOKING, CLEAN-SHAVEN, MIDDLE-AGED, AND CONSERVATIVELY DRESSED. THE OTHER IS A WEASEL-LIKE INDIVIDUAL, IN NEED OF A SHAVE, AND SHABBILY CLAD.)

JACK'S VOICE

The men who just came in are Detective O'Brien and a suspect he has just arrested.

(THE TWO MEN APPROACH CROSBY AT THE DESK.)

WILSON

(LOOKING AT THE BETTER-DRESSED OF THE TWO MEN)

Where'd you get this one, O'Brien?

O'BRIEN

(THE WEASELLY ONE)

I caught him in an alley on 39th street...He was trying to start a fire in a warehouse.

CROSBY

Say, he might be that firebug we're after. Better take him upstairs and let the Captain have a look at him.

O'BRIEN

(TO THE SUSPECT)

Come on, firefly.

(PUSHES HIM)

Let's go.

(MUSIC)

(CLOSE SHOT AS O'BRIEN TURNS AROUND AND PUSHES HIS MAN TO THE DOOR. WE SEE THE DETECTIVE HAS PATCHES ON HIS WORN-OUT JACKET AND PANTS.)

JACK'S VOICE

O'Brien was an honest cop. We could tell that from the clothes he wore.

(THE TWO MEN EXIT)

JACK'S VOICE

Incidentally, my name is Lieutenant Benny. I should be arriving at the office any minute. Oh, here I come now.

(THE DOOR OPENS AND JACK ENTERS WEARING A LIGHT CAMEL'S HAIR RAP-AROUND TOPCOAT AND A BLACK DERBY HAT.)

JACK'S VOICE

I took off my hat and coat --

(JACK TAKES OFF HIS HAT AND COAT AND DRAPES THEM ACROSS A CHAIR. HE, TOO, WEARS A SHOULDER HOLSTER, BUT ON THE OUTSIDE OF HIS JACKET.)

JACK'S VOICE

I hung them up on the hall tree.

(JACK REACTS, HASTILY TAKES THE HAT AND COAT OFF THE CHAIR AND HANGS THEM ON THE HALL TREE.)

JACK'S VOICE

I exchanged a few pleasantries with Wilson and Crosby.

(JACK GOES OVER TO CROSBY'S DESK AND WILSON JOINS THEM. THEY CARRY ON A LIGHT PANTOMIME CONVERSATION.)

JACK'S VOICE

I had heard a funny story last night, and I passed it on to the boys.

(JACK PANTOMIMES TELLING A JOKE. HE SLAPS HIS KNEE AT THE PUNCH LINE & THE BOYS BREAK UP WITH SILENT LAUGHTER.)

JACK'S VOICE

Although I was a tough boss and a stickler for work,

I had a lot of charm, and the boys loved me.

(AS JACK TURNS AWAY AND HEADS FOR THE OTHER DESK, WILSON AND CROSBY HOLD THEIR NOSES AND WAVE AT HIM DERISIVELY BEHIND HIS BACK)

JACK'S VOICE

It's a good thing I didn't see that.

(JACK SITS DOWN AT DESK NEAR CROSBY'S AND STARTS GOING THROUGH SOME PAPERS. THE PHONE RINGS. JACK PICKS UP THE RECEIVER.)

JACK

(INTO PHONE)

24th Precinct, Lieutenant Benny speaking...Uh huh...

(PICKS UP PENCIL AND MAKES NOTES ON PAD)

385 Madison Avenue?...Window pried open...Screen out...

No fingerprints...Yeah. Sounds like the cat burglar, all right.....Okay, we'll get on it.

(WILSON AND CROSBY HAVE BEEN TAKING IN THE CONVERSATION, AND AS JACK HANGS UP, WILSON COMES OVER.)

WILSON

(TO JACK)

The Cat Burglar again, eh?

JACK

Yeah. That's the fifteenth cat he stole this week... It's terrible.

CROSBY

My cat's afraid to leave the house at night.

JACK

I don't blame her.

WILSON

Say, Lieutenant...Officer Sweeney called this morning. You know, he went over to Brooklyn to pick up that stripteaser.

JACK

But that was four days ago.

WILSON

Well, Sweeney says he wants to make sure she's guilty before he brings her in.

JACK

Oh. I tried to arrest her myself, but I couldn't get anything on her...Well, I better look through these files.

(JACK STOPS AS THE DOOR OPENS AND SARA ENTERS, CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY A UNIFORMED PATROLMAN, WHO PUSHES HER OVER TOWARD JACK, WHO RISES. SHE WEARS A CHEAP, QUADY DRESS AND HAS A RATTY-LOOKING FUR PIECE AROUND HER NECK AND CARRIES AN OVER-SIZED HANDBAG.)

JACK

(RECOGNIZING HER)

Well, well! Slim Finger Sara!

PATROLMAN

I caught her over at the Automat. She was lifting the nickels out of the slots.

JACK

Okay, Burke. You can go. I'll take care of her.

(THE PATROLMAN EXITS AND JACK TAKES SARA BY THE ARM AND TRIES TO LEAD HER TO A CHAIR BY THE DESK. SHE TRIES TO RELEASE HER ARM.)

SARA

(LOUDLY)

Take your filthy hands off me!

(AS JACK HOLDS ON, SHE HOWLS EVEN LOUDER)

I said, take your filthy hands off me!

JACK

All right, all right...Don't holler. This isn't the first time you've been pinched.

SARA

You're telling me, I'm black and blue all over!

(SHE SITS DOWN ON A CHAIR, STARTS SWINGING HER BAG NONCHALANTLY.  
WILSON COMES OVER, STARES AT SARA AND THEN TURNS TO JACK.)

WILSON

Wasn't she in here about a month ago, Lieutenant?

JACK

Yeah. She's one of the slickest pickpockets in the business and she operates all over town. I picked her up at the Zoo.

WILSON

The Zoo?

JACK

Yep. She picked a baby kangaroo out of its mother's pouch.

(TO SARA)

What over made you do a silly thing like that?

SARA

(SHRUGGING)

To me, a pocket is a pocket.

(JACK HANDS HER A SLIP OF PAPER AND A PEN)

JACK

Here, make it easy on yourself. Write out a confession and we'll give you a break.

SARA

Oh no, you don't. I ain't signin' nothing' till I talk to my lawyer. Besides, I'm entitled to make one phone call.



JACK

(SHAKING HIS HEAD)

These crooks all know their rights. Okay ..

(PUSHES PHONE OVER TO HER)

Go ahead.

(SARA PICKS UP RECEIVER AND DIALS A NUMBER)

SARA

(INTO PHONE)

Hello, Shirley? ... This is Sara ... Shirley, will you do me a favor and run next door to my apartment ... The key is under the mat ... There's a pot roast on the stove in the kitchen ... That's right, and just lower the gas under it ... Very low, Shirley, I won't be home for ninety days.

(SHE HANGS UP)

JACK

(REACTING)

What did you do that for? Why didn't you call your lawyer?

SARA

He don't like pot roast.

JACK

Well, I'll just have to book you .... Get over there and sit down.

(JACK SLIPS A PAPER INTO THE TYPEWRITER AND STARTS TYPING ... SARA TURNS ON THE RADIO ... AN ORCHESTRA STARTS PLAYING "I'M WALKING BEHIND YOU". SARA HUMS FIRST PART... THEN STARTS TO SING....)

SARA

-14-

THOUGH YOU MAY FORGET ME  
YOU'RE STILL ON MY MIND  
LOOK OVER YOUR SHOULDER, I'M WALKING BEHIND.

BOB

And my song they cut out.

SARA

MAYBE I'LL KISS AGAIN, WITH A LOVE THAT'S NEW  
BUT I SHALL WISH AGAIN I WAS KISSING YOU.

JACK

(TO SARA)

Sut up over there!

(THEY ALL GLARE AT JACK, WHO GOES BACK TO HIS TYPING)

JACK'S VOICE (RECORDED)

I was typing out a report on Slim Finger Sara when  
the door opened.

(THE DOOR OPENS AND TWO PLAIN CLOTHESMEN, SIMMONS AND ROSS,  
ENTER WITH HUMPHREY BOGART IN BETWEEN THEM. BOGART WEARS  
A TRENCH COAT WITH A TURNED-UP COLLAR AND NO HAT.)

JACK'S VOICE

And there were detectives Simmons and Ross. They  
had brought in a vicious gunman ... a killer named  
Baby Face Bogart.

(APPLAUSE)

(WILSON AND CROSBY AND SARA PANTOMINE CLAPPING HANDS)

RTX01 0082722

JACK'S VOICE (RECORDED) -15-

I didn't mind the applause he got on his entrance,  
but I resented the fact that Crosby and Wilson  
joined in.

(JACK GOES OVER AND STARTS A PANTOMINE CONVERSATION WITH  
BOGART, SIMMONS AND ROSS. JACK ACTS TOUGH AND BOGART SNEERS  
AT HIM.)

JACK'S VOICE

It looked like this time we had Bogart dead to  
rights. According to Detectives Simmons and Ross,  
a little crook named Blinky Mason had been shot to  
death and they had picked up Bogart a few yards from  
the scene of the crime with a smoking .45 in his hand.  
(IN PANTOMINE, JACK DISMISSES SIMMONS AND ROSS, AND CROSBY  
AND WILSON PUSH BOGART OVER TO JACK'S DESK, JACK FOLLOWING)

JACK

(POINTING TO CHAIR)

Sit him down there.

(BOGART IS PUSHED INTO CHAIR BY CROSBY AND WILSON.)

JACK

Now come on, Baby Face, talk! What about Blinky Mason?

BOGART

I told you I never heard of Blinky Mason. Who cares if  
he was raised in a tenement, and his mother cried  
when he graduated. And his teacher, a sweet gray-haired  
old lady, said he was a nice boy... And his boyhood  
friend who runs a clothing store in Schenectady. And  
I don't know Blinky's girl friend, that blonde dame,  
who works in an aircraft factory .. or his brother  
who ran away from home and went to Australia.

ATX01 0082723

JACK

Wait a minute ... if you don't know Blinky, how come you know so many things about him?

BOGART

I saw it on "This Is Your Life."

JACK

What?

BOGART

Gee, how I cried when they brought in the warden he hadn't seen for twenty years.

JACK

The warden?

BOGART

Yeah ... you know they flew him all the way out here from Sing Sing on T.W.A.

JACK

Just a minute, Baby Face, I don't go for those alibies ... You killed Blinky Mason and I'm gonna get a confession out of you.

BOGART

What are you gonna do, beat me?

WILSON

He very well may.

RADIO STARTS AGAIN WITH INTRO TO "I'M WALKING BEHIND YOU")

JACK

Now look, Baby Face ... when Mason was bumped off, we know you were there with a gun in your hand ... and listen to this ...

SARA

-17-

SINGING)

I'M WALKING BEHIND YOU ON YOUR WEDDING DAY ...

JACK

Not that ... turn her off. Now come on, Baby Face, start talking ... what did you do with that gun?

BOGART

Wait a minute, before you start any rough stuff, I'm entitled to one phone call, aint' I?

JACK

(GRUDGINGLY)

Well, yes.

BOGART

Okay. Gimme a dime and I'll run down to the drug store.

(JACK FUMBLES IN HIS POCKET FOR A DIME, THEN REACTS.)

JACK

Oh no, you don't. You'll make that call right here where I can keep an eye on you.

CROSBY

And save a dime.

JACK

Yeah.

(PUSHED PHONE TO BOGART)

Go ahead. Make your call.

(BOGART DIALS A NUMBER)

BOGART

-18-

(INTO PHONE)

Hello, Shirley?

SARA

Shirley?

BOGART

(INTO PHONE)

This is Baby Face ... Look, I'm going to be a little late ... Oh ... that's too bad, honey ... What were you going to have for dinner? .... Pot roast?

JACK

I could have told you that.

SARA

(INDIGNANTLY)

Why, the dirty crook!

BOGART

Well look honey, I want you to do me a favor. Run over to my apartment -- the key is under the mat -- go to the fireplace in the living room -- you'll find two loose boards in the floor. Take them out, reach in, and you'll find a package.

(JACK LOOKS SIGNIFICANTLY AT WILSON AND CROSBY, WAITS BREATHLESSLY)

BO. BOGART (CONTINUED)

It's my laundry. Have it ready by Friday ...

(JACK AND OTHERS REACT. BOGART HANGS UP.)

JACK

(TO BOGART)

Why didn't you call your lawyer?

BOGART

I don't like the way he does my shirts.

ATX01 0082726

JACK

Oh yeah? Well, I'm through playing around with you, wise guy. You killed Blinky Mason, didn't you?

(SLAPS BOGART ACROSS THE FACE)

BOGART

I didn't do it, and I've got a witness.

(HE SLAPS JACK ACROSS THE FACE)

JACK

Oh yeah?

(HE SLAPS BOGART AGAIN)

BOGART

Yeah!

(HE SLAPS JACK)

(JACK HOLDS HIS FACE TENDERLY AND TURNS TO WILSON AND CROSBY)

JACK

Say, why don't one of you fellows question this suspect?

CROSBY

(LOOKING AT HIS WATCH)

I've got to go to lunch.

WILSON

(TO CROSBY)

I'll go with you.

JACK

(FRANTICALLY)

Oh no, you don't! You're not going to leave me alone with this guy!

(WILSON AND CROSBY RELUCTANTELY RETURN)

JACK

Now come on, Baby Face, who is this witness  
you're supposed to have?

BOGART

I don't know his name, but he was standing next  
to me at the time of the murder.

JACK

Well, what did he look like?

BOGART

He was a curly-headed guy, about five-foot ten.  
He was wearing a gray suit and he had brown eyes.

JACK

What color hair?

BOGART

He was bald.

JACK

I thought you said he was a curly-headed guy?

BOGART

That's right. No hair ... just a curly head.

JACK

I'm not buying that, Baby Face.

(SLAPS HIM)

Now come on, start singing.



SARA (SINGS)

I'm walking behind you, on your wedding day...

JACK

Not you!

(SARA STOPS. JACK TURNS BACK TO BOGART)

JACK

So you say you had a witness, eh? All right...  
what was this witness doing?

BOGART

He was holding a cigarette in his hand.

JACK

Oh yeah? What kind of a cigarette?...I said  
what kind of a cigarette?

BOGART

I ain't talkin'.

JACK

(SLAPS HIS FACE)

I said, what kind of a cigarette?

BOGART

All right, I'll talk ... It was a Lucky Strike.

JACK

Now we're getting somewhere ... What made you  
think it was a Lucky Strike?

BOGART

I ain't talkin'

JACK

Oh, you're not, eh?

(SLAPS HIM)

I said, what made you think it was a Lucky Strike?

BOGART

Because it was so round and firm and fully packed...  
and so free and easy on the draw...

JACK

(TO WILSON)

Can you remember that, Wilson?

WILSON

Are you kidding?

JACK

Now, come on, Baby Face, what was he doing with the  
cigarette?

BOGART

He was peeling it.

JACK

Peeling it, eh? How do you know it wasn't a banana?

BOGART

Because he let me taste it...I knew it was a Lucky  
Strike because ...

(SINGS LIKE DOROTHY COLLINS)

Luck-keys taste bet-ter. Cleaner, fresher, smoother.  
Lucky Strike...Lucky Strike.

JACK

What else?

BOGART

Nothing.

JACK

(SLAPS HIM)

What?

BOGART

Nothing.

JACK

(SLAPS HIM)

What?

BOGART

Nothing, no, nothing beats better taste.

JACK

(TO CROSBY & WILSON)

I knew I'd get him to talk.

JACK

(INDICATING BOGART)

...lock him up, fellows.

(AS CROSBY AND WILSON GO TO SEIZE BOGART, BOGART JUMPS UP,  
GRABS A GUN OUT OF HIS POCKET AND POINTS IT AT JACK)

BOGART

(TO JACK)

Get 'em up!

(TO CROSBY & WILSON)

You too.

JACK, WILSON, AND CROSBY RAISE THEIR HANDS)

BOGART

(VICIOUSLY)

I swore I'd get you, Benny.

JACK

(WHINING)

But why, why?

BOGART

Because you never let me alone, that's why.  
You've been hounding me-- and just because  
I pulled a few lousy murders!

JACK (FEARFULLY)

Wait ... wait ... What are you going to do?

BOGART (RAISING GUN)

I'm going to put a red eye between those two blue ones.

JACK

Wait a minute...Where did you get that gun?

BOGART

When I came in, you didn't do a good job of frisking me, did you?

JACK

No...when I found that dollar in your pocket, I was so thrilled I didn't go any farther.

(BEGGING)

Now wait a minute, Baby Face. I don't wanna die.

I'm too young to die. Please, gimme a break.

I'm a nice guy. Honest. Everybody loves me.

(TURNS TO CROSBY & WILSON)

You love me, don't you, fellows?

(WILSON AND CROSBY TURN THEIR BACK)

BOGART

Say your prayers, copper, I'm gonna give it to you.

JACK

I know your type. You're all alike. You're brave when you have a gun in your hands, but throw that gun away and I'll show you a coward.

-26&27- (REV)

BOGART

Okay.

(BOGART THROWS HIS GUN AWAY, AND JACK RUNS LIKE HELL OUT THE DOOR)

BOGART

Well, how about that? That's like getting rid of the smog and keeping Los Angeles.

TO SARA)

Come on, Sister, let's go eat that pot roast.

(SARA FOLLOWS HIM OUT SINGING)

SARA

I'm walking behind you

On your wedding day.

(CURTAIN CLOSES)

DON

Jack will be back in just a moment with his special guest Humphrey Bogart, but first a word from Dorothy Collins.

(CUT TO CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0082734

(TAG)

-28- (2ND REV)

(AFTER CLOSING COMMERCIAL, JACK COMES OUT WITH BOGART TO APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

JACK'S VOICE (RECORDED)

When the show was over, I found I liked it even better than my radio show ... I was laughing so hard I could hardly thank Bogart for helping me give such a great performance ... Bogart told me he thought he handled his part extremely well.. He believes in being honest with himself, too... Then he told me about his new picture...."Beat the Devil" with Jennifer Jones.

(BOGART PANTOMIMES TALK)

JACK'S VOICE

Then I told him about the last picture I made...

(BOGART WALKS OFF... JACK STARTS TO FOLLOW HIM... THEN TURNS AROUND AND COMES BACK)

JACK'S VOICE

Oh, I almost forgot to tell the audience that I'll be doing my next television show in three weeks...

JACK

Oh, ladies and gentlemen, I'll be doing my next television show in three weeks. I hope you'll all be watching, and I believe, I'm sure my guest star will be Johnnie Ray. You know, I feel that I'm responsible for Johnnie Ray's success. You see, once when I offered him a job he asked me for a lot of money...and I cried...a great deal... and, well, he stole it from me. Good night folks.

(JACK GOES OFF TO APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

(CUT TO CREDITS)

ATX01 0082735

-29-

(CUT TO CREDITS)

CUT TO CARD #4  
"JACK BENNY SHOW"

CUT TO CARD #5  
"PROD. & DIRECTED BY RALPH LEVY"

CUT TO CARD #6  
ASSOCIATE PRODUCER HILLIARD MARKS"

CUT TO CARD #7  
"WRITTEN BY"

CUT TO CARD #8  
"MUSIC AND SETS"

CUT TO CARD #9  
"JACK BENNY SHOW"

DON

Appearing on tonight's program were:

Sara Berner and Benny Rubin.

ATX01 0082736



THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE  
ONE MINUTE #55

CLOSE A

OPEN ON COLLINS IN BULLSEYE.

COLLINS

Friends, smoking enjoyment is  
all a matter of taste. And the  
fact of the matter is ...

COLLINS(SINGING)

Luckies taste better!

CHORUS (SINGING)

Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

DOROTHY CUPS EAR TO LISTEN  
FOR OFF-SCREEN RESPONSE OF  
CHORUS.

COLLINS (SINGING)

Luckies taste better!

CHORUS (SINGING)

Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!  
For Lucky Strike means fine  
tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco.

COLLINS (SINGING)

Luckies taste better!

CHORUS (SINGING)

Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!  
Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

(MORE)

ATX01 0082737

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE

#55 (CONT'D)

CLOSE B

COLLINS HOLDS UP PACKAGE  
OF LUCKIES. POINTS TO  
LS/MFT ON BOTTOM OF PACK.

COLLINS (SPEAKING)

Sure Luckies taste better.  
Everybody knows Lucky Strike  
means fine tobacco. Fine,  
light, mild tobacco that just  
naturally tastes better. And,  
Luckies are made better....  
round and firm, and fully-  
packed - to draw freely and  
smoke evenly. With fine  
tobacco in a better made  
cigarette, golly you're just  
bound to get better taste.  
Smoking enjoyment is all a  
matter of taste, you know ...  
And the fact of the matter is ..

COLLINS (SINGING)

Luckies taste better!

CHORUS (SINGING)

Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!  
Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

COLLINS PULLS DOWN BULLSEYE.

ATX01 0082738

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

MEMO CARD

PRIVATE SECRETARY

-30-

ANNCR (VOICE OVER)

Remember - one week from  
tonight, on this same station,  
Ann Southern returns in  
"Private Secretary."

The Jack Benny Program has been  
brought to you by Lucky Strike  
product of the American Tobacco  
Company, America's leading  
manufacturer of cigarettes.  
This is Don Wilson saying  
"BE HAPPY GO LUCKY!"  
THIS IS THE CBS TELEVISION  
NETWORK.

ATX01 0082739